THE

FARCE

OF THE

MODERN ANTIQUES,

OR THE

MERRY MOURNERS.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr Cockletop,	—	Mr QUICK,
Frank,	— —	Mr MUNDEN,
Joey,	— —	Mr BLANCHARD,
Napkin,	— — —	Mr WILSON,
Hearty,	— —	Mr POWEL,
Thomas,	— —	Mr THOMPSON.

WOMEN.

Mrs Cockletop,	— —	Mrs MATTOCKS,
Mrs Camomile,	—	Miss CHAPMAN,
Belinda,	— — —	Mrs HARLOWE,
Nan,	— — —	Mrs CROSS,
Flounce,	— — —	Mrs ROCK,
Betty,	— — —	Miss BRANGIN,

MODERN ANTIQUES,

OR THE

MERRY MOURNERS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Mrs Camomile's *House.*

Enter Mrs Camomile *and* Betty.

Mrs Camomile.

BETTY, any body here ſince?

Bet. No madam, but here's a ſtrange ſervant.

Mrs Ca. Mrs Cockletop deſired me, as I paſs'd along Charing-Croſs; to enquire for one for her, at the Regiſter-Office, and this is he, I ſuppoſe, ha, ha, ha, ſhe's *too* fine a lady, to look after theſe things herſelf.

Bet. Walk up young man. [*Exit.*

Enter Joey.

Joey. Servant. (*nods.*)

Mrs Ca. Quite a ruſtic! how long have you been in town?

Joey. Our town?

Mrs Ca. London.

Joey. I thought as how you meant our town, I com'd from Yorkſop, in the county of Norfolk, to get a place.

Mrs Ca. Your name?

Joey. What of it?

Mrs

Mrs Ca. What is it?

Joey. Oh! my name is Joey; but volks call'd me Mr Joey all the way up; that I com'd upon the coach roof, for as it's near Chriſtmas time; all the inſide paſſengers were turkeys. I quitted our village in a huff, with one Nan Hawthorn, my ſweet-heart; cauſe why, ſhe got jealous, and ſawcy given.

Mrs Ca. The wages, this lady gives to her foot-boy, are eight guineas a year.

Joey. Guineas! that won't do, I muſt have eight pounds.

Mrs Ca. Well, if you inſiſt upon eight pounds, ha, ha, ha.

Joey. Oh! I'm hired. (*lays his hat and ſtick upon the table.*)

Mrs Ca. You can give, and take a meſſage.

Joey. Yes ſure. (*a loud knocking without.*)

Mrs Ca. Then, let's ſee, run.

Joey. Where?

Mrs Ca. To the door, you blockhead.

Joey. (*goes to the door, and ſtands.*) Well, I be's at the door, what now?

Mrs Ca. The deuce! open the ſtreet door.

Joey. (*going*) Oh! here comes a lady.

Enter BELINDA, *in a riding dreſs.*

Mrs Ca. My dear Belinda! come up (*to* Joey) when you hear the bell.

Joey. Theſe gentle volks don't mind what trouble they give a poor zarvant man. [*Exit* Joey.

Bel.

Belin. My dear friend, I've quitted Southampton boarding ſchool without leave; though. (*Lays her hat on the table.*)

Mrs Ca. My ſweet girl! I'm very glad to ſee you, but is this a prudent ſtep?

Belin. To be ſure, when I was kept there, ſo long againſt my will, by my aunt.

Mrs Ca. Ah, Belinda! confeſs the truth, wasn't it to ſee your uncle's nephew, Frank, that you've ſcamper'd up to town?

Belin. Ha, ha, ha, 'pon my honour you're a witch; but ſuppoſe ſo, why not? you and I were ſchool-fellows t'other day, yet here you're married; a propos, how is your dear huſband?

Mrs Ca. The Doctor is well.

Belin. You're already happy with the man you love, while I'm kept at a boarding-ſchool, when I'm able to teach my dancing-maſter.

Mrs Ca. Why then my dear Belinda, ſince your laſt letter, I've been planning ſchemes how to make you happy with the man you love.

Belin. My good creature, do tell me.

Mrs Ca. You know if your uncle, Mr Cockletop's tooth but aches, he fancies he'll die directly, if he hasn't my huſband Doctor Camomile's advice, he's the grand oracle of his health, the barometer, and thermometer of his animal ſyſtem; now as the Doctor is at Wincheſter, on a viſit to ſome of his old College chums, and won't leave his good orthodox bottle of

old port, to viſit him here in London; he ſhall viſit the Doctor at Wincheſter; if we can but get your uncle to leave town, on that hangs my grand ſcheme for the eſtabliſhment of you and Frank: your aunt's maid, Mrs Flounce, and Mr Napkin the butler are my confederates.

Belin. Oh charming! but I muſt know it though.

Enter JOEY, *ſtands ſome time mute.*

Joey. Well?

Belin. And well?

Joey. I'm com'd up, as you bid me.

Mrs Ca. But you ſhou'dn't have come, 'till you had heard the bell.

Joey. And wounds, it's ringing yonder, hard enough to pull church ſteeple down.

Mrs Ca. and *Belin.* Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs Ca. Joey, carry thoſe to your maſter. (*gives him a baſket of plants*) Plants and Simples, cull'd for him, by the Doctor.—Your uncle will now be a botaniſt, as well as an antiquarian.

Belin. Ha, ha, ha! but my aunt's new fangled rage for private theatricals, are to the full as unaccountably ridiculous, as my crazy uncle's paſſion for muſty antiquities.

Mrs Ca. Come be chearful my ſweet Belinda, for I'm going there directly, on your affairs.

Belin. My kind friend!

Mrs

Mrs Ca. Call a coach (*to* Joey, *who takes up his ſtick, and puts on* Belinda's *hat.*) Ha, ha, ha! why you've put on the Lady's hat.

Joey. (*Takes off the hat and compares it with his own.*) Ecod one would think the Lady had put on mine. [*Exeunt* Mrs Camomile, *and* Belinda.

Joey. (*Laying hold of the baſket.*) Your London Ladies are ſo *manifted*, with their Switch Rattans, and their coats and waiſtcoats, and their tip-top hats, and their cauliflower cravats; that ecod, I ſhall be in London a long time before I know a man from a woman. (*Takes up the baſket, and Exit.*)

SCENE.—Mrs Cockletop's *Dreſſing Room*, Mrs Cockletop *diſcover'd dreſſing*, Flounce *attending.*

Mrs C. What a ſtrange incident, my marrying this old Mr Cockletop; 'pon my honour, was I ſingle, I'd have the moſt beautiful Theatre in my houſe, and his nephew Frank, ſhou'd be the Manager, of late he looks at me in a very particular manner; I can ſcarce think it poſſible for theſe features, to ſtrike any body with admiration.

Flounce. Ma'am thoſe features muſt ſtrike every body with admiration.

Mrs C. You flatter 'em.

Flounce. Not in the leaſt ma'am—but what ſignifies your beauty, or my ſkill in ſetting it off, my maſter ſince he's turn'd his brain——

Mrs C. Aye, ſince my huſband has turn'd Antiquarian——

Flounce. With his curioſities, foreign cockleſhells, mouldy farthings, and all his old faſhioned trumperies,—I dare ſay, he'd ſell you for the wing of a butterfly.

Mrs C. Flounce; I'll take you to ſee *Lear*, to-morrow night at Lord Rantum's private Theatre.

Flounce. Thank'ee ma'am; but Miſs Toepit's maid told me all of them, except your Ladyſhip, made a ſtrange piece of bungling work of their play there laſt Wedneſday.

Mrs C. Work! Oh heavens, if Shakeſpeare cou'd have taken a peep at them, ha, ha, ha! Romeo and Juliet the play; the hero, on breaking open the tomb, totally forgot what he had to ſay next; in vain, the prompter whiſpers the word; poor Juliet might have remained in Capulet's Monument, 'till Doomſday; at length impatient; (for it grew monſtrous cold) I ſoftly bid him ſpeak; why don't you ſpeak? *He*, taking it, for what he ſhould ſay, with all the fervor of diſtracted love, burſt out "ſpeak, ſpeak, why don't you ſpeak." Ha, ha, ha!

Enter JOEY, *with a baſket, which he throws on the Toilette.*

Joey. My firſt piece of ſervice in my new place.

[*Exit* Joey.

Mrs C. Ah! (*ſcreams.*)

Enter

Enter MR COCKLETOP, *with a ſcroll of Parchment.*

Mrs C. (*angrily.*) Aſtoniſhing, Mr Cockletop, you won't even let me have my dreſſing room to myſelf.

Cock. Oh Mrs Cockletop, what a prize! I have bought one of the long books of Livy, a manuſcript ſo capitally illegible, that no man on the globe can diſtinguiſh or read a letter of it; let's ſee, what change he has given me. (*reckons money.*)

Flounce. Full of ſnails. (*To the plants ſlinging them off the table, knocks the money out of* Cockletop's *hand, and Exit.*)

Cock. The botanical plants from Doctor Camomile, carefully pick 'em up, every leaf has the virtue——

Enter FRANK, *in a riding dreſs.*

Frank. Will they heal my wounded pocket? (*picks up the money.*)

Cock. (*takes the money from him.*) Eh! what you lizard! the valuable ſimples.

Mrs C. Do my dear, let poor Frank have a little money, give him a few guineas.

Frank. Aye Sir, a few guineas cou'd never come in better time, as I'm juſt whip and ſpur, you ſee? hey, ſpank to Southampton.

Mrs C. (*alarmed*) Pray Frank, what buſineſs have you there?

Frank. What! but to ſee, my lovely couſin.

Cock. (*putting up the money.*) Eh!

Mrs C. Oh! is that your buſineſs.

Cock. May be you like——

Mrs C. Aye, do you admire my niece?

Frank. Admire! I love her to diſtraction.

Cock. the ſweet girl I doat on myſelf (*aſide*) get out of my ſight you Locuſt.

Mrs C. Love her! after all my fond hints to him (*aſide*) pray ſir, give me leave to expreſs my obligations to you, when I was rehearſing Imogen with you t'other night, and was to have fainted in your arms—

Cock. Aye, you villain, you ſtepp'd aſide, and let my dear wife tumble backwards, and knock her fine head againſt the braſs fender—take a double hop out of your two boots, you jackdaw, how dare you ſtand before me with your horſe-whip in your hand?

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Ma'am, Mrs Camomile.

Mrs C. Sir, command your nephew to think no more of my niece; love another, you Amateur; ſtand from the entrance.

[*Exit* Mrs Cockletop *in a paſſion*, Flounce *following*.

Frank. Why, my dear uncle, you are really a good natured old lad, but for this nonſenſical paſſion for antiquities, in which you have no more judgment than my boot.

Cock. What's that?

Frank. Didn't you give twenty pounds for the firſt plate ever Hogarth engrav'd; though 'twas only a porter pot from the barley mow?

Cock. No.

Frank.

Frank. Didn't you throw a lobſter in the fire, ſwearing it was a ſalamander?

Cock. Yes, but that was when I was ſick. In bodily health my mind is bright and poliſh'd; but you moſt audacious dromedary! traduce my ſkill in antiquities!—Hark'ee, when you can prove to me, that it's poſſible I can be impoſed on in antiques, that is when I am in bodily health, I conſent to give you Belinda; here's my hand on't. Begone, your face is as odious to me as a new copper halfpenny. [*Exit.*

Enter HEARTY. (*Calls after* Mr Cockletop.) Sir here's the receipt.

Frank. Ah Hearty! you're my uncle's ſteward, receiver of his caſh, and yet do tip me a few guineas; cheat him a little, my honeſt fellow.

Hear. Muſtn't.

Frank. Plague of the money! I'm ſure I want it; my friend Jack Frolic, the player frank'd me into Covent-Garden, ſat down in the upper boxes, between Miſs Trump, and Mrs Roll about, when the curs'd orange woman thruſt in her baſket, with "ſweet gentleman treat the ladies," I was obliged to clap my hand on my pocket, ſay my purſe gone 'pon my honour; no entering a public place for the light finger'd gentry; ſo the ladies treated the ſweet gentleman; coming home yeſterday, caught in a ſoaking ſhower; "your honour; coach unhir'd," in I jumps, not recollecting his diſmal honour hadn't a ſhilling to pay for't; ſo as the fellow clapt to one door, out I pops at t'other, but

but then I got mobb'd by the watermen, and broke my nose over a post running away from the link boy.

Hear. Why Frank, I'll lend you my own money with all my heart.

Frank. No, before I strip you of what you may yet want to cherish your old age, I'll perish; yet this is my Belinda's birth day, by heavens, I will wish, aye, and give her joy, though I foot it every mile to Southampton, and dine on water-cresses, by the ditch-side.

[*Exit* Frank.

Hear. Spirited lad! I hope by means of this letter, I shall be able to serve him. I'll sell my old master the small collection of odd sort of rarities *Ive* made him, but as his knowing them to be mine may lessen their value in his opinion; this letter rouses his desire to buy them; then if I can but make him believe they are from Italy, or Herculaneum, or—(*Enter* Joey *in a livery.*) You're the new footmen?

Joey. Yes, I be's, I've put on my livery.

Hear. Here's a letter for your master, give it to him directly.—(*Gives the letter and exit.*)

Joey. So I must give this letter *too*; Ecod! they're resolved in London to keep no cats that wont catch mice.

Enter NAN *with a sweeping brush.*

Nan. (*singing as she enters*) "A service in London is no such disgrace." (*begins to sweep.*)

Joey. Isn't that?

Nan. Why Joey. (*surpriz'd.*)

Joey.

Joey. Nan! how glad I be's to see thee. (*kisses her.*)

Nan. But what brings you here, and in this fine laced coat?

Joey. Why I be fix'd here, for a zarvant man.

Nan. Zure! lard how comicle! and I hired here to day as maid.

Joey. Hills and mountains will meet. O dear—— O—dear!

Nan. I'm now sent in here by Mrs Flounce, to do up lady's dressing room, that it seems some clumsy booby has thrown leaves about'n.

Joey. I'm not a booby Nan; I find you're as saucy tongued as ever.

Nan. O la! was it you Joey! I ax pardon.

Joey. 'Twas all along of your crossness, I com'd up to London.

Nan. And 'twas your falsehartedness drove me to seek my bread here.

Joey. Well, since good luck has brought us into one house—we'll never quarrel, nor be unkind any more.

Nan. Nor I never more will be jealous.——O ho! you've had this letter from Poll Primrose; oh! you deceitful! (*snatches the letter from* Joey, *and breaks it open.*)

Joey. The devil! a 'dy'e see, what you've done now, this letter was for meafter——if I hav'n't a mind.——

Nan. Reads, "Sir, encouraged!" why Joey don't be angry, the first letter I ever get for my lady, you shall

ſhall open for me, that you ſhall. [*Exit* Nan, *ſinging*,

" Better my fortune as other girls do."

Joey. (*Solus*) Ecod! you've ſpoil'd my fortune! what will become of me? before I've time enough to be ſet down *in* my place, I ſhall be kick'd out on't.

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Where's Hearty? (Joey *gives him a letter, he looks at it.*) For my uncle, how came it open?

Joey. It's open'd.

Frank. Why if it's you that——do you know that opening another man's letter is tranſportation.

Joey. Is it? then ecod I'll take the blame upon myſelf, rather than Nan ſhould go to Botany Bay, (*aſide*) 'twas I broke it open Sir——but I meant only to—— to break it open——all accident.

Frank. (*Reads letter*) " Sir, Encouraged by your character, I ſhall to morrow in perſon offer you for ſale ſome *Antique* Rarities!" this promiſes ſomething, (*aſide*) well my lad, keep your own ſecret, and I'll bring you out of this curs'd ſcrape.

Joey. Do Sir.

Frank. Any wafers here?

Joey. I believe there's ſome in that box; but I'll get you a *haperth.*

Frank. My old conceited uncle has engaged to give me Belinda, when I can prove that its poſſible to impoſe on him in Antiquities. This may do it, and bring me a convenient ſum beſides, for with all the ridiculous enthuſiaſm of a virtuoſo, my uncle has ſmall reading,

reading, no taſte, but has a plentiful ſtock of credulity. (*waſters the letter.*)

Joey. Why I could have done that myſelf.

Frank. There you dog, ſtand to it ſtoutly (*gives* Joey *the letter*) that's the very one you received.

Joey. A thouſand thanks, kind Sir, (*going*)

Frank. But I ſhall want a diſguiſe; (*aſide*) harkyee, you've put on your new livery ſince you came, where are your own cloaths?

Joey. In the butler's pantry, for you muſt know, Sir, when I com'd I was waundy hungry, ſo I went there to get a ſnack.

Frank. Quick, go give the letter.

Joey. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Joey.

Frank. (*ſolus*) Ha, ha, ha! yes, uncle, if you have caſh to buy Antiquities, I'm a ſtupid fellow indeed, if I can't find ſome to ſell you, and if I ſucceed; hey to Southampton with the triumphant news to Belinda.

[*Exit* Frank.

SCENE.—COCKLETOP's *Study.*

Enter COCKLETOP *with ſpectacles on, reading letter,* JOEY *following.*

Joey. That's the very letter, I was deſired to give it you, I aſſure you, Sir, it was not open'd.

Cock. The things this learned man mentions here are really very curious.

Joey. Sir, here be Mr Napkin, the butler, coming.

Enter Napkin.

Nap. Sir, a man wants you *there below.*

Cock,

Cock. Then Sir, do you fend him up *here above.*

Nap. (*to* Joey) Eh! what are you idling here? come, come, I'll ſhew you the buſineſs of a'footman, you muſt toaſt the muffins for mine and Mrs Flouncr's breakfaſt.

Joey. I will Sir, and broil a beef-ſteake for my own. [*Exit* Napkin, Joey *following.*

Cock. (*ſolus*) Only that my brain is for ever running on my wife's charming niece Belinda; (oh! how I do love her:) I love every thing old, but girls, and guineas;) I ſhould certainly be ſecond a Sir Hans Sloane—I'd be a *Solander*, and a Monmouth Geoffry.—Now, who's this?

Enter FRANK, *diſguiſed in* Joey's *firſt cloaths with a ſmall hamper on his ſhoulders.*

Frank. If my uncle knows me *now*, he muſt have good ſpectacles. (*aſide*) Meaſter told me, as he told you in a letter, he'd call on you to-morrow with ſome rarities.

Cock. Oh, then you belong to the gentleman who ſent me this letter, where does your maſter live?

Frank. At Brentford, but I be's from Taunton Dean, and as I was coming to Town to day, he thought I might as well drop them here; if you'll buy them, theſe be they.

Cock. Oh! what he's ſent *you*, with the things that are mentioned here (*pointing to the letter.*)

Frank. I warrant 'em all waundy rich; he gave me ſuch ſtrict charge about'n.

Cock.

Cock. Rich! ah, these sordid souls can't conceive that the most extreme delight to the eye of an antiquarian is beautiful brown rust, and heavenly green verdigreafe. Let's see, (*reads*) the first is a Neptune's trident from the barbarian gallery.

Frank. That's it——(*gives a toasting fork.*)

Cock. (*reads.*) One of Niobe's tears, preserv'd in spirits.

Frank. That——(*gives a phial.*)

Cock. Curious! a piece of houshold furniture from the ruins of Herculaneum, comprizing the genuine section of the Escurial. Precious indeed! (*aside*) section of the Escurial; aye then it must be in the shape of——

Frank. That's it ——(*gives an old gridiron.*)

Cock. (*reading*) "The cap of William Tell, the celebrated Swiss patriot, worn when he shot the apple off his son's head.

Frank. I've forgot to bring any thing even like that, what shall I do (*aside*) I warrant it's here Sir.

Cock. I hope it is, for I will not buy one without all.

Frank. Then all you shall have, (*aside*) *Pretends to look in the hamper, but picks up* Cockletop's *hat, and with a penknife, cuts out the brim.* "That's it may hap?"

Cock. Great! this is indeed, what the Romans call'd the *Pi-leus*, or Cap of Liberty: *puts it on his head and reads*;) "half a yard of cloth from Otahiete, being a part of the mantle of Queen Oberea, presented by her to Captain Cook."

Frank. Zounds, I was in ſuch a hurry to get to work, that I've forgot half my tools. ——

Cock. Where's the cloth from Otahiete?

Frank. I dare ſay it's here, (*feels the coat he has on*) no, muſtn't hurt poor Joey. Eh! (*cuts off the ſkirt of* Cockletop's *coat while he's admiring the things*) belike that's it,—(*gives it.*)

Cock. What wonderful ſoft texture; we've no ſuch cloath in England, this muſt have been the fleece of a very fine ſheep.

Frank. Aye, taken from the back of an old ſtupid ram.

Cock. Speak of what you underſtand you clown, much talk may betray little knowledge. Cut your coat according to your cloath.

Frank. Yes, Sir, I cut your coat according to your cloth. I muſt fix him in his opinion now, with a little fineſſe, (*aſide.*) Meaſter do expect fifty pounds for this balderdaſh.

Cock. Here's the money.

Frank. No, if he even thought you ſuch a fool to give it, he muſt be a rogue to take it, but he ſhan't make me a party. I'll let him know, I'm an honeſt man; damm'e if I don't throw them in the kennel, and quit his ſervice—(*going to take them.*)

Cock. (*haſtily*) Leave them there, and take the money to your maſter, or I'll make him ſend you to the devil, you thick ſcull'd buffalo.

Frank. Not a penny of it will I touch.

Cock.

Cock. Here my good fellow; here's a guinea for yourself; there.——(*gives money.*)

Frank. Thank you, Sir; though I do think you're an old fool, and that you're moſt confoundedly humm'd.

Cock. Old fool! get you out of my houſe you ſcoundrel, or I'll——(*takes up a blunderbuſs,*) blow you to Taunton Dean you dog, I will. (Frank *runs off.*)

Enter Mrs Cockletop *and* Mrs Camomile, (*they both ſcream.*

Mrs Ca. Heavens! Mr Cockletop, will you kill us?

Mrs C. Lord! what's on your head?

Cock. The cap of liberty; oh the ſuper-beautiful purchaſe I have juſt made; ſuch a charming addition to my little curious collection; Mrs Camomile you've taſte, I'll give you a treat.——I'll ſhew her all, (*aſide.*)

Mrs C. (*looking at the things*) Heavens! who has done this!

Cock. Pliny the elder.

Enter Flounce.

Mrs C. Here take theſe, and fling them——

Cock. Lay your fingers on them, and I'll—Strabo, Campden—and Biſhop Pocock—madam you ſhou'd, (*to* Mrs Camomile) that is you——you do know——you're a Dilitnete. I ſay you are a celebrated Dili—and—now what a fine diſcourſe an F. R. S. would make on theſe, madam, I ſay.

Mrs C. Bleſs me! who has trimm'd you thus?

Cock. Sir Aſhton Lever, I wiſh your huſband Doctor Camomile was in town; I've here *ſuch a feaſt,*

for the venerable *Bede*. Travellers, come, and lay at my feet, the wonderful fruits of their wife reſearches. Awake!—prepare your underſtanding, here's a tear of——the devil, I forgot who cried this tear (*aſide.*) Hem! it's a precious drop preſerv'd in ſpirits.

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Cock. Get along you moſt ſcandalous tongued, I deſire Mrs Cockletop you'll order your flip flop out of the muſeum, then here is a moſt valuable——(*takes up the toaſting fork,*)

Enter JOEY.

Joey. Here, I'm ſent to broil beef-ſtakes, and toaſt muffins, the cook ſaid Mr Frank took, and brought out of the kitchen the———

Cock. They all coſt me only fifty pounds; this is a Neptune's trident, and this piece of furniture from Herculaneum, the model of the Eſcurial, built in honour of St Lawrence who was broil'd on———

Joey. Thanke'e, Sir; I was looking for the toaſting fork, and gridiron. [*takes them and exit.*

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Cock. What is that?

Mrs C. Why Mr Cockletop what have you been about here?

Mrs Ca. Only look.

Cock. I believe I'm bit. Taunton Dean, he was a a rogue. (*looks at his coat and hat*) Is my face genuine?

Mrs C. Why 'tis an antique; but indeed my dear, you don't look well.

Cock.

Cock. Don't I?

Mrs Ca. This may help my ſcheme, to get him out of town (*aſide*) my dear Sir, I wou'd not ſhock you, but you look———

Cock. Do I?

Mrs Ca. My huſband, the Doctor, often told me, that your *bodily* illneſs always had an effect upon your mind.

Cock. No man living underſtands my conſtitution, but Doctor Camomile; I muſt be (*feeling his pulſe*) phlebotomiz'd.

Mrs Ca. When a gentleman of your knowledge is ſo groſsly dup'd, it's a certain ſign———

Cock. It is, that I'm ill, or I never cou'd have been taken in.

Mrs C. Lud, I wiſh your huſband, the Doctor, was in town.

Mrs Ca. I adviſe Mr Cockletop to go to him to Wincheſter.

Mrs C. Here Napkin, order horſes too: Your poor maſter will go to the Doctor at Wincheſter.

Enter NAPKIN.

Cock. Aye, aye, to the Doctor,—to Wincheſter.

[*Exeunt* Mr *and* Mrs Cockletop.

Mrs Ca. Napkin, ha, ha, ha! here's an opportunity for our plan; you know, as we've all without ſucceſs repeatedly endeavoured to perſuade the old couple, to ſettle ſome proviſion on their neice and nephew Frank and Belinda.

Nap.

Nap. Aye, we muſt try ſtratagem.

Mrs Ca. The excuſe your miſtreſs gives is the chance of her having children of her own, whom ſhe can't wrong, by laviſhing their patrimony on others.

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! then to put her out of all hopes of *that*, as you have ſettled, we'll make her believe my maſter's dead, and as I am now going into the country with him, leave that to me.

Mrs Ca. I fancy 'twill be eaſy, as ſhe already thinks him ill——

Nap. And weak; heard him threaten to climb up the mouldering walls of Nettleſton Abbey in ſearch of a ſprig of ivy, or an owl's neſt, and if I can't invent a ſtory to bring the old gentleman tumbling down——

Mrs Ca. Ha, ha, ha! and make your miſtreſs the mourning widow, eſtabliſh the dear, amiable young couple, well and happy.

Nap. 'Twill be an excellent joke to laugh at over their wedding ſupper, but I muſt prepare for the journey.

Mrs Ca. And I, home, to comfort poor Belinda, only do you act your part, moſt dolefully natural, and we muſt proſper. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE.—MRS CAMOMILE'S *House.*

Enter FRANK *in high spirits, and* JOEY.

Frank.

HOLLO! Mrs Camomile! here's a nick, ha, ha, ha! honeſt fellow; my horſe is at the livery ſtables t'other ſide of Weſtminſter bridge, you'd beſt ſtep on before me, have him out ready, you'll not have a moment to loſe (*Exit* Joey) ha, ha, ha! well my mock curioſities may have a better effect on my uncle than Hearty's real ones; if they can help to cure him of an abſurd whim, that makes him the dupe of impoſtors, flinging his money after things of no utility (*looks at his watch*) getting late, I'd like to ſee if Mrs Camomile has any commands for her friend Belinda, (*Enter* Belinda) then hey for my divine Belinda.

Belin. Pray Sir, whither in ſuch a monſtrous hurry.

Frank. My love, in the name of miracles how did you get here?

Belin. You know we've the beſt friend in the world, in dear Mrs Camomile, the miſtreſs of this houſe.

Enter MRS CAMOMILE.

Mrs Ca. Come, come, you happy pair of turtles—this room is the ſtage for a little comedy I'm to act with your aunt, of which I hope your union will prove the denouement.

Enter

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Madam, my miſtreſs is juſt drove up to the door.

Belin. Oh heavens! if ſhe finds that I have run to town. (*going.*)

Mrs Ca. Stop, ſhe'll meet you on the ſtairs.

Belin. This way, Frank—when my aunt comes in here, we'll ſlip down.

Mrs Ca. But Belinda, you'll tell Frank what we're both at, and trip directly home, and you and all the ſervants on with your ſables.

Frank. Sables! what, to celebrate my true-love's birth-day, no, now that my cruſty uncle's out of town, and I have caſh, I'll have ſuch a roaring entertainment at home——Tol——derol lol. (*ſings.*)

Belin. Will you hold your tongue, and come along. (*pulls him.*) [*Exit* Belinda *and* Frank.

Mrs Ca. If my little plot on their aunt but proſpers ——Flounce, run and deſire Napkin to con over the leſſon I taught him, and look as diſmal as an executor left without a legacy.

Flounce. And Madam, I'll bid him keep his handkerchief to his eyes for fear an unfortunate laugh ſhould come on his face, and ſpoil all——Here's my miſtreſs, madam, I wiſh you ſucceſs. [*Exit* Flounce.

Enter MRS COCKLETOP, *elegantly dreſſed.*

Mrs C. Oh Mrs Camomile!

Mrs Ca. Well, how do you do?

Mrs

Mrs C. Our houſe ſeems ſo melancholy ſince my poor dear man has left town, that now I can't bear to ſtay at home.

Mrs Ca. (*aſide*) And when he was at home, you was always gadding.

Mrs C. I forgot to ſhew you my dreſs, had it made up for Cordelia, in our intended play at Mr Pathos's; as you were not there, I put it on to conſult your taſte.

Mrs Ca. Oh my dear creature, I forgot to thank you for my ticket, but excuſe me, that an engagement———

Mrs C. Ha, ha, ha! You had no loſs, for our tragedy was converted into a ball.—Lear you know was our play—which we got up with every care and elegance; Well, Ma'am, Colonel Toper, who was to have play'd Gloſter, having conquer'd too many bottles of Burgundy after dinner, (*mimicks*) "No, damme, I be for none of your ſtage——I'll ſit in the ſide boxes among the ladies, begin your play by yourſelves."——So ſays my Lord Brainleſs, I'll make an apology, and I'll—— "Ladies and Gentlemen, Colonel Toper having been taken ſuddenly ill, hopes for your uſual indulgence to accept a dance inſtead of the tragedy."——The fiddles ſtruck up Mrs Caſey, and audience and actors join'd in a country dance——'Pon my honour, tho' I laugh I am exceedingly melancholy.

Mrs

Mrs Ca. You've nothing to make you uneaſy; you are ſure, that with my huſband, Doctor Camomile, Mr Cockletop is in ſafe hands.

Mrs C. Well, Mrs Camomile it aſtoniſhes me how you can be cheerful while your huſband's abſent; but indeed it's rather unfortunate when people are found with hearts of more ſenſibility than others.

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Why, Ma'am, here's Mr Napkin juſt come below.

Mrs C. But is his maſter return'd too?

Mrs Ca. Well, if he is not, why ſhould that alarm you?

Mrs C. Then perhaps Napkin has brought word, where is he? why don't he come up—Napkin—— (*calls*) Torture me with ſuſpence——Oh Lord Mrs Camomile if any thing's the matter, I ſhall die. (*agitated.*)

Enter NAPKIN, *much ſplaſh'd, in a large Travelling Dreſs, and ſeemingly fatigued.*

Nap. My dear good maſter. (*crying.*)

Mrs C. My huſband—Oh Lord! ſpeak, pray ſpeak.

Nap. Madam, will you have him brought up to town, or ſhall he be buried in the country? (*weeps*)

Mrs Ca. Dead!

Nap. I wiſh, Henry the Eighth had levell'd Nettleſton Abbey, my ſweet maſter's thirſt of knowledge—ſuch a height—top of the old ſpire—his head giddy—feeble limbs—ſtretching too far, a ſtone giving way—though

—though I caught him by the heel—head foremoſt—corner of a tombſtone—daſh——Oh!

[*Weeps and Exit.*

Mrs C. My fears are true—I faint—I die—pleaſe to reach that chair.

(Mrs Camomile *places a chair;* Mrs Cockletop *deliberately wipes it with her handkerchief, ſeats herſelf—takes out a ſmelling bottle, applies it, and affects to ſwoon.*)

Mrs Ca. Nay, nay, my dear friend, pray be comforted.

Mrs C. (*recovering.*) Comforted, did you ſay? how is that poſſible, my dear Mrs Camomile, when I've heard you yourſelf remark that mourning don't become me—though if I was to dreſs like Almeria in the Mourning Bride——

Mrs Ca. To confeſs the truth, I was afraid to tell you, but I before knew of this melancholy event, and there that fooliſh boy your nephew Frank, through his zealous reſpect for the memory of his uncle, has, contrary to all cuſtom and decorum, already ordered the whole family to put on the black clothes that were only t'other day laid by when the mourning for your brother-in-law expir'd.

Mrs C. Madam, you're very obliging.

Mrs Ca. I ſee his loſs bears hard upon your mind, therefore it mayn't be proper ſo ſoon troubling you with worldly affairs—but now my dear, you'll have no children

children of your own, indeed you should think of some establishment for your niece Belinda.

Mrs Ca. I'll first establish my husband's nephew Frank, merely to shew I prefer my dear man's relations to my own.

Mrs Ca. This will answer the same purpose, as Frank marries Belinda, (*aside.*)—Well shall I tell the lad your good intentions towards him?

Mrs Ca. You're very good, I'll tell him myself—but I'll first consult you my good friend on the thoughts I have in my mind how to make him happy, but in my interview with the boy I wouldn't have any body else by; the hour of sorrow's sacred, it's a cruel world, and people luxurious, sensual, gay, and fortunate, have no feeling for the disconsolate widow.

Mrs Ca. My dear creature endeavour to keep up your spirits.

Mrs Ca. Ah friend, what should a poor woman do that has lost so good a husband, but try to—get a better. (*aside.*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—COCKLETOP'S *House.*

Enter FRANK, *elevated with wine, and* BELINDA, *both in mourning—and* NAN.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! this is the most whimsical thought of your friend Mrs Camomile.

Belin. Isn't it charming?

Frank. Your aunt, and indeed the whole family, except Mrs Flounce, actually believe, that my uncle's dead;

dead; this is your natal day, the birth of beauty; I'll give an entertainment upon my soul, ha, ha, ha! *Mrs Flounce says*, Oh, Sir; I can't run any bills with the trades people——but dem bills and credit, while we've money—my uncle's curiosity guineas shall fly—illuminate the rooms, brilliant lustres, gerandoles and chandeliers.

Nan. Yes sir! la! now where's Joey to do all this? Mr John, light the clusters, jeridoles, and chanticleers. (*calls off.*)

Belin. Lord Frank what's come to you?

Frank. Money and long separated friends have a joyful meeting—prepare the saloon-bell, we will have a ball.

Nan. Air the balloon, for master's going to play ball.

Frank. And lay supper, then let Napkin send for a pipe and tabor for a dance we must have, tol, lol, lol.

Belin. But indeed now this is extravagance.

Frank. Can't I afford a little extravagance? an't my kind aunt to give me my uncle's cash, then my Belinda you and I go to church, and Hymen in his saffron robes shall lead us to the rosy bower.

Belin. For Heavens sake Frank, a little decency before the servants, how unfeeling they must think you.

Frank. I'll shew you the feeling of servants for such a master.

Enter THOMAS *and two maids in mourning.* Harkee! Tom, the coachman, you know your master's no more.

Tho. Aye, Sir, death has whip'd his horſes to their journey's end, to our great ſorrow.

Frank. Poor Tom! I'm told you're ſo griev'd, you have ſworn never to touch a drop of punch as long as you live.

Tho. Me! I'll be damn'd if I ever ſwore any ſuch thing.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! a jovial bout the ſervants ſhall have. Fly, and every one bring in his hand ſomething toward the good cheer of the night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Saloon illuminated, table and cloth laid.*

Enter COCKLETOP *in a ſtorm cap.*

Cock. All my doors open, this blowy night reminds me of Liſbon earthquake, but my ſtorm cap has protected me,—odd my not finding Belinda at Southampton—I wiſh I had come into town over London-bridge, that now is a ſort of young ruin—but then over Weſtminſter-Bridge, to ſee my man Joey, mounted like the emperor of Morocco's blackamoor—I'm not ſorry Napkin left me, nobody knows now I've been after my ſweet Belinda—how glad my loving wife will be when ſhe finds I am come home and well——(*looks out.*) Eh, my dearee has company—this don't ſpeak much feeling for my illneſs.

Enter THOMAS *with plates, not perceiving him.*

Tho. While Napkin is uncorking the wine, I'll ſee if I can't ſpread a table cloth as well as a hammer cloth. (*Lays plates.*) I wonder who drives my old

maſter

master now in t'other world?——does he go up or down hill?

Cock. Eh! now who has put Thomas my coachman into mourning?—As I left you a pied zebra, why do I find you a black bear? (*ſtrikes him with a cane.*)

Tho. Gee up! (*ſuddenly turning, is terrify'd and ſneaks off.*)

Cock. What's all this about?

Enter NAN *with ſallad, places it on table, then plucks a bit.*

Nan. I love's beet-root.——(*puts it to her mouth.*)

Cock. Yes, and ſo do I.——Tell me young woman, for whom are you in mourning.

[*Exit* Nan *ſcreaming.*

Haven't I miſtook the houſe? I believe I'm at next door.

Enter NAPKIN *and* FLOUNCE.

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! Flounce if you had ſeen how capitally doleful I play'd my part.

Flounce. None of your doleſuls now maſter's out of town, Miſtreſs ſafe at Mrs Camomile's, the houſe to ourſelves and the young pair—ſince Mr Frank will treat us to a little hop.

Nap. Aye Flounce, for muſic you know I'm no bad ſcraper.

Flounce. No, Napkin, nothing gives ſo much ſpirit to a dance as a pipe and tabor—ſo ſend out and ſee if one can be had.

Enter two Maids and Footmen, with a violin.

Nap. My fiddle John. (*takes it*) Now liften Flounce for our country dance; only mind the violin, why I'll fit up Jacky Bull fprightly enough to move the dead, aye, even to make our old maſter caper about.—(*plays —Servants join the dance, in the midſt of which* Cockletop *comes dancing before them, they ſcream and run off all frighten'd, except* Napkin.)

Cock. So my good friend, I bring you into the country, you leave me ſick, ſneak away, and here I find you like Nero at Rome, raſping your Cremona, explain what brings you all in black—if any body's deceas'd, why do you celebrate the funeral rites with feaſting and fiddling; and if no body's dead, why change my dovehouſe into a rookery. (Napkin *puts a handkerchief to his eyes.*) Oh then there is ſomebody! who is it? Eh, tell me! Vexation, an't I to know? S'blood, are people to die in my houſe, and the maſter not to be told?

Nap. What, or who ſhall I ſay? (*aſide*)

Cock. What am I to think of all this?

Nap. Why Sir, from ſeeing us all in black—you're to think——that—that——

Cock. What?

Nap. That we're in mourning.

Cock. But for whom? it can't be my friend Mrs Camomile, or my nephew Frank? oh Lord, if it ſhould be Miſs Belinda——no, no, they wou'dn't fiddle and dance for them——now there is one belov'd perſon

that

that I don't care a farthing for (*aſide*)——yet I left her ſo well——I ſee they are afraid to ſhock me——Napkin is it——is it——

[Napkin *ſhakes head and exits ſlowly.*

Cock. It is—my—wi—wi——wife——'tis ſo, his ſilence is a funeral oration. (*capers about.*)

Enter JOEY *ſhivering as if cold.*

Joey. Oh, ho! it be a bitter ſharp night, my hands are ſtone.

Cock. Are you petrified, I wiſh you were; I'd put you in a caſe.

Joey. But, Sir, here we come home, and find all our ſervants in mourning, and when I aſk for whom, they ſhake their heads and walk away.

Cock. Joey, its for——for your miſtreſs.

Joey. My Lady dead! I believe I ought to cry (*aſide*)—(*Lifts up the ſkirt of his coat.*)

Cock. The gentle friend and companion of my youth. (*weeps*)

Joey. Yes, I ſhould cry. (*aſide.*) Oh! (*cries.*)

Cock. The beſt of wives——(*ſorrowful*)

Joey. The kindeſt miſtreſs, (*imitating*)

Cock. Yet my ſervants' rejoicing ſhews how ill ſhe was beloved.

Joey. Yes Sir, I ſaid to myſelf when I com'd, Joey, ſaid I, you have got a good maſter, but a bad miſtreſs.

Cock. Stay, I'm releas'd from her extravagant vagaries, why ſhe'd give as much for a little toilette patch box as would purchaſe the black letter palace of plea-

ſure——her week's hair dreſſing would buy me Colly Cibber's Foppington wig—then her temper.

Joey. She was a wixen devil.

Cock. With her lace cap and her fripperies,—her private plays, with her denouement and cataſtrophe.

Joey. If I didn't ſuſpect ſhe play'd in private with that Mr Denoumong behind the tapeſtry.

Cock. I've no right to be ſo ſad.

Joey. Yes, Sir, we mun be glad, ha, ha, ha, ha! ha, he, he!

Cock. The funeral over——I'll do what I've long wiſhed, convert her dreſſing-room into my muſeum—the room has an eaſtern proſpect——the windows face Athens——though diſgraced now by cockſpur Perfumery, and Fleet-ſtreet japannery——I'll remove her things out of it.

Joey. Kick them down ſtairs, an't you man of the houſe?

Cock. I am! you're but a boy—but I ſee you've ſpirit—follow me to her dreſſing-room.

Joey. Yes, Sir.——Hem! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs COCKLETOP *and* NAN *in mourning.*

Mrs C. Every room, every article of furniture only reminds me of my dear man——my belov'd Frank's ill tim'd mirth don't correſpond with his haſte in getting every body into mourning, but indeed my poor huſband was never an uncle to him.

Nan. Oh madam, you look ſo well in your weeds.

Mrs

Mrs C. Do I?——though I revere the memory of my late husband, yet his ridiculous passion for shells, fossils, and antique nonsense was got to such an intolerable height——I was determined on the first opportunity I'd fling all his rubbish out of the house, and now I'll do it, it's a good large room, and I think tastily fitted up will make me a most beautiful little theatre—the thought charms me, but alas my charmer is no more. I'll instantly go up, and throw all his old coppers and crocodiles out—his museum (as he call'd it) is a most horrid place, but I will have it clear'd out, do you come and help me.

Nan. Yes, an't please you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JOEY *with ban-boxes, and toilette furniture.*

Joey. Ha, ha, ha! if our mistress could but pop her head out of her coffin and see what a fine rummage we have made among her falderals, trinketies, and ginglibobs (*reads the inscription of a bottle.*) A, by itself A-l-o-l-o-t-i-t-i-on, lotion for the face, (*drinks*) face! ecod I think it's a good notion for the stomach—the very thing I wanted to warm my gay little heart—they say what people set their hearts on in this world, runs so much in their heads, that even in t'other they can't rest if they should be disturbed—Maister says he'll give these to the flames—I'll ask him to give them to my flame pretty Nan——if she gets this here cap upon her pate, and our lady mistress was to come stalking in with a candle in her dead hand.

Enter

Enter Mrs COCKLETOP *with a candle.*

And then says Nan, with a trembling voice "Who's here?" not perceiving her.

Mrs C. Don't be afraid Joey, its only me.

Joey. Mercy on us. (*trembling.*)

Mrs C. Heavn's! who pulled my things about this way?

Joey. Now the devil was in our master, that he couldn't let's bide.—I thought we should have her up. (*aside.*)

Mrs C. Who did it?

Joey. Will it quiet your poor soul? (*frightened.*)

Mrs C. Bid Nan make haste down to me.

Joey. Down! then she's, (*points down,*) Ah, these London ladies lead tory rory lives, (*aside.*)

Mrs C. Nan, (*calls.*)

Joey. Don't hurt Nan—I'll go for a Parson.

[*Exit terrified.*

Mrs C. Parson! then my intentions to marry Frank is already known among the servants—but I'll see how Flounce dare to let my room be ransack'd in this manner.

[*Exit in a passion.*

SCENE.—*Changes to a dark Apartment.—A table covered with green cloth on.*

Enter JOEY *with a candle.*

Joey. I've left the parson in the room—who's there? but he insists it be auld master that's dead—the good gentleman that just now with me for madam's death cried

cried so fine, all alive and merry: but this ſtupid minister won't believe it, ſo if he meets her there, and her ſpirit ſtill diſturbed about her rumplified caps, ſhe'll give it him for certain; I know nought where maſter's got to, and the ſervant's ſeem all to hide. Can't find Nan, I would we were both ſafe again in the country —Well, I've ſaved this drop of cordial—who's you? Heaven defend us ſhe is come again—I have no hopes now but my bottle and this table. (*Puts out candle and gets under the table.*)

Enter MRS COCKLETOP.

Mrs C. Frank! (*calls*) this is the room I deſired Mrs Camomile to bid him meet me in, and here he comes this way—Frank—(*calls in a low voice*) I'm glad there's no light though; to diſcover my bluſhes at the open declaration I muſt make him.

Enter COCKLETOP.

Cock. As dark as an Egyptian catacomb. Belinda venturing to town muſt be on the report of her aunt's death, and if Hearty has told her—I'll ſpeak to her here.

Mrs C. Are you there?

Cock. Yes, 'tis ſhe. I wiſh we had a light—where are you, you little guinea pig?

Mrs C. Eh, my dear when I bury Mr Cockletop.

Cock. Bury me—(*aſide.*)—When for you I'll make a mummy of Mrs Cockletop.

Mrs

Mrs C. Angels and Miniſters! it's the ghoſt of my deceas'd huſband come to upbraid me—oh much wrong'd ſpouſe!

Cock. Spouſe! it's the ſpirit of my wife—Oh Lord! oh great injured goblin! (*falls on their knees at oppoſite ſides.*)

Joey. Oh here's the parſon ſtriving to lay my miſtreſs—but ſhe'll ſurely tear his head off—it's my poor dear maſter—help, murder!

Enter HEARTY *with candles*—MRS CAMOMILE *and* BELINDA.

Mrs C. Eh! what work's here?

Joey. My lady's ghoſt tearing old maſter to pieces. (*Riſing in haſte, overſets the table and runs off.*)

Mrs C. Mr Cockletop alive!

Cock. My wife not dead.

Frank. Uncle, you promis'd that when proved to be deceived in Antiquities, Belinda ſhould be mine, (*ſpeaking in a feigned voice.*) Now zure beſides the fifty pounds, give her to poor Taunton Dean.

Cock. Was't you? take her; I was a wiſe man till my brain got Love coddl'd—ſo my dear let's forgive Frank and Belinda, and forget our follies.

Hear. Come, come, let us transfer our paſſion for ancient virtue to the encouragement of Modern Genius.—Had not Rome, and Athens, cheriſh'd the arts of their times, they'd have left no antiquities for us to admire.

Mrs

Mrs C. Why rake for gems in the ashes of the dead,
And see the living arteft pine for bread.

Frank. Give,
While you live.
Heirs that find cash in corners,
Will at your Funeral, make Right Merry Mourners.

FINIS.